

# EXCLUSIVE FASHIONS— THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

## Pitfalls for the Summer Girl

NOT weather days fraught with trouble for the unfortunate girl who finds herself at a summer resort one of many to the solitary eligible man. The countess is bedded with these girls—imbued with the same sense of love of pleasure and admiration. The dangers that beset the girl are numerous, but the principal of these is her desire to outshine her sisters and take away the only man on the hotel porch from all competitors. This may be done in a spirit of fun. Whichever is the prime reason, it places the girl in the position of throwing herself literally at the man's head, and if he be a man, he may laugh and joke with her and pay certain attentions to her, but he will despise her for her forward conduct and what the other women in the hotel will say—goodness only knows.

When a man starts out to pick a wife he does not take her from the summer hotel veranda, with its enviable settings, unless he is lacking in common sense, and eligible men are not. She may have a hundred, of dear girl friends, and all that sort of thing, but Mr. Man recognizes the pitfall into which he has thrown himself and she has lost his sincere favor. Let the girl who goes to the summer hotel pumped up and carrying a complete battery, remember this and act accordingly.

Another deep pitfall that comes to the summer girl with the open air and the freedom of the seashore and the mountain, is the coming in contact with the undesirable man—the social undesirable, so to speak. He is found in every hotel ready with his easy promises, his polished pocketbook, and the scalps from other conquests, to become the mentor and friend of the most desirable girl that



enters upon his horizon. He tries to be a leader in all the little social events of the little summer community. His fertile brain is always designing some new means of making those around him feel his social importance. All these things are done for the sake of winning social position, and it is only too often that he succeeds in his purpose. Mothers and chaperons fall easy victims to his dangerous wiles and allow the young women in their care to associate with him—often to their great sorrow and regret.

The wearing of jewelry by a young girl is always questionable, shows a tendency to forwardness and shows never to be out of the mind of refinement. If a man becomes over-attentive at the hotel bar tonight, shun him if he attempts to forward his advances tomorrow morning. The girl who is over-attentive for admiration usually gets the least of it. Lone boat rides with an enamored

swain may appeal to loveless maidens, but the healthy girl and the one who would be most in demand by real men is the one who likes to travel in crowds. In other words, "the more, the merrier." If a young man declares an all-consuming passion for you and wants you to become his only one, do not let him proceed with his demonstrations until you refer him, with maidenlike reserve, to your guardian; if he means right he will bury up—if he gets "cold feet" beware of him.

### A Cure for Gossip.

HAT women, despite their fragile entrance into the political field, have not lost sight of the little things of life is the opinion of a minister in New York state, who insists that many of them still continue to gossip. The minister is the Rev. Henry McHenry, of Little Falls, and he comes forward with a means of curing those whose greatest pleasure in life consists in raving about their neighbors. Every Thursday evening he invites the women of his town to meet together at the parsonage and discuss general topics. In this way he wishes to educate the women into seeing how much more entertaining the discussion of such topics is. But it would appear that the women have begun politing fingers at each other—each declaring that the other one is the particular gossip for whom the pastor's method is intended. Of course, the pastor, like a wise man, is not taking sides, but he does say:

"The only remedy for infamous gossip would be to corral the gossips, investigate the condition of their brains, and distribute them on appropriate corridors in institutions for the mentally weak."

### Dress Hints.

A BEAUTIFUL silk dressing jacket for summer wear can be fashioned of two widths of silk over the shoulders and falling down the arms below the elbows. The stripes are separated at the neck, but come almost together at the bust, where they are tied with a loop of silk cord. A bit of braiding, or a fancy stitch, worked with heavy silk floss, joins the backs of the silk strips. Over the shoulders there is a two or three-inch strip of plain silk, ornamented with fancy stitching; this strip runs down the front and across the sides and bottom, a silk fringe finishing the ends of the two widths.

To look well dressed in summer is not so much a question of exquisite materials and expensive dressmaking as it is of neatness and thorough cleanliness of the wearing apparel. Even plain, simple wash dresses, if thoroughly washed and starched to just the right degree of stiffness, will produce surprising effects, even though placed in contrast to more scrupulously neat and pressed.

### Baked Eggs for Lunch.

WHEN the housekeeper has unexpected luncheon guests, or when the ladies are almost depleted, and visitors come for supper on Sunday evening there are always eggs. A French cook declared recently that there are 114 different ways of cooking eggs. This may be true, but if you are in a hurry to put an appetizing dish on the table, adopt baked eggs. This dish is always acceptable. Take a deep plate and sprinkle the bottom of it with bread crumbs, drop each egg as in frying, so that each egg will touch its neighbor. Sprinkle the tops of the eggs with small pieces of butter here and there on the crumbs, salt and pepper to taste and place in an oven. The dish will be cooked in five minutes.

## Mrs. Justwed returns with "Mommer"

THE day after that terrible telegram arrived was a sore one, indeed, for Mrs. Justwed. If he only had not sought to hasten Mrs. Justwed's return from her visit to "Mommer" by wiring that he was ill, the resultant troubles would never have been chronicled. But he did. And "Mommer" descended upon the Justwed household in all her glory to nurse the sick man—and left in high dudgeon and a superfluity of smiling remarks.

When the diminutive messenger placed the yellow message in Mr. J.'s outstretched palm and when he fully grasped the fact that Mrs. J. was coming straight home—Instantly—with "Mommer"—to nurse him, that lonely gentleman's feigned illness nearly became a real one.

He staggered into the living-room and sank weakly down into the armchair, rubbing his throbbing brow as one who has suddenly met and wrestled with an overwhelming disaster and been worsted in the encounter. What a mess he had made of it! Why didn't something happen to him before he put that phoedoo into execution! He had put his foot in it, alright, alright, and he couldn't get it out. Why, oh, why, did he ever send that wire that he was ill? Well, the milk was spilled—and he couldn't even wipe it up. He wouldn't cry over it, anyway. But what should he do? He might wire Blossom immediately and tell her that he had completely recovered. But, no, she would surely think he had gone crazy and only thought he was well. That wouldn't stop "Mommer" coming, either. There seemed to be no hope for salvation in that direction. "Mommer" had made up her mind to come, and come she would. Should he really become ill—perhaps there was some medicine he could take that would make him ill, desperately ill,



for even twenty-four hours. But that seemed to be going it a trifle too strong. No, that wouldn't do. If it were only the first of April he might explain it as an April Fool joke, but since it was the fifth of June, the little joke would most likely fall flat. He might say this, or he might say that, or he might—he might— he might do any one of a thousand and one things—and still not square himself. It was long into the night before Mrs. Justwed's troubled brain found solace in a deep sleep. And while he slept a strange thing happened. He never had believed in dreams, but he rarely had them. But this time, he began to doubt the wisdom of his own doubts of these queer, nocturnal visitors.

In the morning he awoke with a clear head—and his knotty problem settled. He had seen just how it would work out and the plan of campaign had been vouchsafed him in a dream. Without the slightest hesitation, he walked straight to the telephone and notified a friend of his at the bank to report him ill. Then he called up a florist and ordered a beautiful supply of spring flowers sent up immediately by special messenger. A two-pound box of Mrs. J.'s favorite candy completed his preparations.

Just as he was finishing his leisurely breakfast the boy with the candy arrived. And Mrs. J. had scarcely downed her first slice of dainties and his new spring tie—a costume fit for anyone but a sick man—when he beheld, turning into the entrance to the apartment house, his own beloved Blossom and her "Mommer."

Mr. J. stepped back a space and concealed himself in the curtain. Both women were hurrying along as fast as they could. Mrs. J.'s face was anxious, and she was almost breathless. She was making for her sick husband with all her might and main. "Mommer" was waddling along beside her, puffing and blowing and doing her best to keep up, though it was evident that she did not relish her task. "Mommer's" face, in fact, was calculated to do anything but lead the huge box of flowers. "Mommer" hated to be hustled along.

At precisely the same moment the two women turned into the apartment house entrance. The boy from the florist arrived, bearing the huge box of flowers.

"Say, lady," he asked, seeing that Mrs. J. and "Mommer" were entering, "kin you see tell me what's de number on de flat of a guy named Justwed?" Mrs. Justwed stopped short, tottered a moment and all but fell. She stilled a scream with her handkerchief and nearly fainted. "Calm yourself, my dear, calm yourself," consoled "Mommer," at the same time turning to the puzzled messenger.

"Did you say those flowers are for Mr. Justwed?" she asked. "Yes'm," the lad responded, and then, with an understanding nod in Mrs. J.'s direction, "What time is de funeral? I hope I ain't late for—"

But Mrs. J. had flown—into the apartment, up the stairs and into her own door.

"Mommer" tumbled up after her laborious climb—and the flower bearer trotted along beside her, trying to get an answer to his question as to the exact hour of the obsequies.

When they reached the top they beheld—Mrs. Justwed clasped tight in her husband's arms right in the open doorway to their apartment.

"Mommer" walked in almost unnoticed, and the flower bearer deposited his burden and left.

When the first wild excitement of greetings had quieted down, and they had all adjourned to the living room, "Mommer" bethought herself to state:

"It strikes me, Homer, you're a mighty well man for a sick man!"

Homer was just about to hem and haw some sort of an answer when Mrs. J. interrupted.

"But he's well now, Mommer dear, and he says he's entirely recovered from his sickness, and—"

"Humph!" snorted Mommer, "assuming her most mother-in-lawly expression, 'might I ask what was the trouble?'"

"Well, Mommer," Mrs. J. giggled delightedly, "the doctor just sick for me, he was, um, well, dearie, dearie dear, and now he's all right, you see, because I'm back again and—and he had these down stairs up and all the beautiful box of candy and—he's so glad to see his little—"

"Humph!" snorted Mommer again, "suppose I might have the same sort of some such utterly absurd thing as that, Homer. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here Blossom has been almost crazy all night with worry over you—and you're staying until her luncheon. Excuse me, Mommer," put in Mr. J., "excuse me—I didn't put you down here!"

Mommer was on her feet in an instant. "Oh, you didn't, didn't you! Well, I'll drag myself away from here just as soon as I can get down those steps. It's my opinion that you've been drinking again when you sent that telegram last night. But Blossom here is such a little thingy over you that it's no use my talking. Let me tell you, young man, the men in my day wouldn't have done such a delectable, selfish, unwarranted thing as that—and—"

And Mommer rambled on for precisely 20 minutes in precisely the same strain. After which she took up her hat and things and started for the door. With difficulty she was coaxed and wheedled into staying until her luncheon. But not one minute longer would she remain. She departed in wrath supreme and scorn infinite, though Blossom was in tears and begged her to be so very polite and insist that she remain.

"Well," remarked Homer to himself, as she departed, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good and—and all's well that ends well."

THE JUNE BUG.

The June bug is a cruel bug. A melancholy tune bug— He'll boom away a boom— About the room— When night has shrouded us in gloom, And doesn't seem to care at all When he goes "Blip" against the wall.

### Punishing the Child.

NO factor is of more importance in the bringing up of a child than the method of punishment employed. Every child differs in nature at some particular point in character. This precludes the possibility of a set code of regulations for punishing children, and makes it necessary for each mother to decide the individual case from what she knows of the character of her own child. All should observe, however, one fixed rule, and that is—never punish when reasoning will bring about the same results. Needless correction blunts the sensitiveness of every child and creates a hardness of character that no mother wishes her child to possess.

On general principles it is better to try reasoning before punishing. If the child commits the same offense a second time after being reasoned with, then punishment should be resorted to. The punishment of other days—the hard brutal slap and similar things—are gone. There are many ways to make a child understand he or she has done wrong, and the principal method is to deprive him or her of some anticipated pleasure, such as the attending of a circus, a church social or at this season of the year, no greater hardship or punishment could devolve upon a boy than the refusal to allow him to join the baseball gang on the adjacent lot.

### Clothes for the Trip.

IF you are contemplating a trip abroad, you cannot but have escaped anxiety as to what you shall take and what you shall not take with you in the way of wearing apparel. In the first place, unless you are going to take in every fashionable resort on the Continent, do not take an extensive wardrobe, but choose your goods with care. Two stylish gowns, to be worn only when you really have to be "dressed up," will suffice. Let the rest of your wardrobe be a practical, commonsense one.

On the steamer you can get along very nicely with your spring tailored suit or to the beach, which is half worn. But be sure and carry with you a long, thin, narrow, unpretentious hat and several chiffon veils will do. Several house dresses may be taken with you or purchased abroad at a very reasonable price. Of course, you will need a skirt and coat of linen and several blouse waists. Two of these frocks can be so interchanged that they will suffice for the journey. It is well to buy your hats and gloves abroad, as you can get them more reasonably, but do not neglect to purchase your shoes before leaving. By all means remember your raincoat and sweater. The rest of your wardrobe may be as expensive or as inexpensive as you choose to make it. Remember that handkerchiefs, ribbons and rubbers can be bought abroad at a more reasonable price than they can be carried with you.

## ALLOW NO QUARRELS AT MEALS

IN many families, especially at this season of the year, when every member from the head of the family down to the little six-year-old shaver feels hot and tired and cross, there seems to be a sort of unwritten law to the effect that all the unpleasantness of the day shall be aired and discussed at the table.

Things that have gone awry, unsettled grievances and disagreeable and gloomy subjects seem to be in order only when the whole family is seated at the table for the evening meal. In such an atmosphere the meals are hastily eaten and digestion is the certain result.

With all the good things of the season on the table now, it does seem a shame to spoil an enjoyable dinner by quarreling and quarreling. It kills hunger, breeds ill-will, results in dyspepsia and breaks up all semblance of home life. Too much conversation at the table is perhaps bad, but it can never equal the harm done by vindictive arguments or even a stubborn angry silence. Perhaps every member of the family sits down to the table with the avowed intention of preserving the peace—at least as far as his responsibility in the matter is concerned. A trivial thing often leads to a general bad, but it can never equal the harm done by vindictive arguments or even a stubborn angry silence. Perhaps every member of the family sits down to the table with the avowed intention of preserving the peace—at least as far as his responsibility in the matter is concerned. A trivial thing often leads to a general bad, but it can never equal the harm done by vindictive arguments or even a stubborn angry silence.



knife. Mamma, justly indignant, but a trifle too hasty, fairly withers Mary with her stern reproaches. Mary, also out of temper, answers back and the ball is started a rolling. Mary is sent from the table, even though Papa ventures an opinion that she might perhaps be given another chance. Then at this point big sister Sue gives a few suggestions as to how children should be trained. Mamma is angry, Mary is pouting. Papa loses his patience. Sister Sue is determined to have her say. And the whole family goes up in the air. The entire meal is spoiled—and there you are.

The meal hour is surely the time when cheerfulness and pleasant subjects should be the watchword of the family. Each member of it should try to speak of the very pleasantest things that have happened to him during the day. Laughter and smiles should be in order. Let every one come to the table smiling and it will take a mighty disagreeable topic to turn all of those smiles into scowls and frowns.

If the table manners of the children are not what they ought to be, do not nag them so persistently that they are half afraid to eat a mouthful of food. Correct them quietly and firmly and attend to punishments and further instructions at some other time.

Do not bury your husband in a perfect avalanche of questions the moment he sits down to the table and, on the other hand, impress upon him that he must reserve the unpleasant financial affairs of the household for discussion with you at another time. Be cheerful yourself, impress upon each member of the family the value of a smiling countenance, cheerful topics, and the obligation resting upon him to do all in his power to make the meal a pleasant one. It will pay in many ways—and the benefit is mutual.

## A CORNER FOR ME

### Borrowing Money is a Bad Habit.

BORROWING money is a bad business—a mighty bad business. It is easy to borrow—and so hard to repay. The man who is saddled with debt is always up against it and a slave to an obligation that hangs over him like the sword of Damocles.

For the man on salary the incurring of an obligation of this sort is almost suicidal, even though it be a small amount—not, perhaps, because he will be unable to repay the loan, but because, from the broader view, he is laying the foundations of a habit that will eventually undermine his whole existence. There are times when a salaried man simply has to go into debt—unless he has followed the old adage of putting something aside for a rainy day. And that is the keystone of the arch of living without being in debt. A man on salary who has worked only one year has no excuse for not having saved enough to take him over an emergency. The trouble with most men is that they borrow money for utterly superfluous and foolish purposes. There's the check which he reaches his vacation time without having prepared for it. He knew all along that time would come and he would not have sufficient funds to get the most out of his vacation. But he put off the evil day, in his mind's eye, with a sort of vague belief that something would turn up before then. At the eleventh hour he realizes he is up against it. There is but one way out of it—he can see and that is to borrow the money.

And right here is an interesting point that generally shows the calibre of the man. Having no security to offer, the borrowing of the money from the loan companies is very nearly impossible. So

his only recourse is his friends. But—notice the point—he borrows from a friend with never a thought of paying him interest on his money. It was for that reason he kept away from the loan companies. Though he might deny it, with a great deal of bluster about the value of friendship being greater than any interest, the man is really a parasite. Sometimes he repays the debt and sometimes he doesn't. If he does not he has, of course, lost a friend irrevocably. If he does repay it he is at least ending a germinating friendship upon which he has lapsed.

To make an enemy of a friend, borrow money from him. You approach him for the loan on the grounds of friendship, and he gives you the money presumably for the same reason. If he is really a friend of yours it is rather certain that his income is somewhere near your own. Perhaps he has been provident, however, and has laid by a portion of his earnings. He has been extravagant and has nothing. Those savings of his mean self-denial and hard work for him. And yet you have the nerve to come to him and ask him to virtually transfer his self-denial and his hard work to you, and have not only been unable to save something from your salary but have something to beg from him.

You plead friendship. If your friend should happen to be one of the owners of a loan company you would at least be able to call before going to him for the money, for you know you would have to incur written obligations and pay interest before getting it. But this other friend of yours, who is just a friend and there is no reason why he

shouldn't lend you money! Of course, you repay him—at your convenience! But he feels that you have established a precedent which you may follow again at any time and it doesn't seem precisely right to him that his savings should be subject at all times to your desires.

Borrowing is a bad business, whether from a friend or from anyone. It means double work for you to repay it and, more than that, it means that you are allowing yourself to enjoy pleasures you have not earned and to live beyond your income. Unless you are a capitalist with security to offer and investments for your borrowed money, you have no business borrowing. Your own money is your own, but your friend's isn't.

### A No-Treat Town.

DOWN in a place called Hammon, N. J., a sort of unwritten law has been instituted to the effect that no man shall treat another in a saloon. It hasn't been made a law—this abolishing of the "treat" habit—but it seems to have been taken up mutually by the citizens as another "white man's burden." They all stick to it, however. A number of Italians have settled there and are engaged in growing grapes and making wine of them; hence each individual has his own private stock—all of which may account for the strange condition existing.

### Mr. A. Good Fellow on the Benedict's Day of Rest.

SPENT last Sunday with a married friend of mine," remarked Mr. A. Good Fellow, as his bachelor friend moved over to make room for him rear at the open trolley car, "and I tell you I learned a few things about what the day of rest means to a chap who has been so unfortunate as to put his neck in the sectarian noose. Take it from me, Bo, there's no rest for the married man—not even on Sundays. Went out the night before, you know, in order to spend the whole day in the great and glorious suburbs surrounded by all the comforts of home and all that, well, it didn't work out that way—not by a jugful!"

"Long about 7 A. M.—when of all days

a fellow is surely justified in sleeping the sleep of the just—I heard someone moving around in the next room. The noise of blinds being opened with a bang, a door unlocked and something heavy being knocked off onto the floor preceded the sleepy, but energetic, command: 'John, get up! Get up right away! It's 7 o'clock!' Then I heard my benedict friend mutter sleepily: 'What's—that?—Humph! Can't you—let a fellow sleep one day in the week? But the answer came back good and strong: 'No, get up! We've got company today and we must get a start on breakfast. Coming down on Mr. Good Fellow's door and wake him!'

"John knocked alright, alright—adding that cheerfully as a remark about its being time for all sleepy heads to be out of bed, etc. In about five shakes of a lamb's tail I heard John hustle down stairs and pretty soon, through the open window, I saw him out in the yard whacking away at the wood pile with a hatchet—cutting kindling for the cook stove, I found out afterwards. Coming down stairs some 20 minutes later I found Mrs. John ordering him around like a section boss and poor John peeling potatoes and making himself generally useful in preparing breakfast."

"That finished, we started in to clean up the debris, John as cheerful as you please all the while, and then we adjourned to the front porch, where we secured comfortable seats and got busy with the morning papers. I had just gotten comfortably into the sporting page when Mrs. John appeared and wanted to know if I'd mind helping John fix an other prop under the corner of the chicken roost that was falling down. I didn't mind officially—so we got busy. With a sigh of relief he had just settled down in his chair when Mrs. John appeared and wanted us to get up at 15 minutes to tidy up a bit for church. Never asked me if I wanted to go—but hustled that I see the new stained glass

window the community had put in the week before. After church we hustled home, hot and sleepy, and fixed up a dinner, and then cleaned up the dishes. About the room— When night has shrouded us in gloom, And doesn't seem to care at all When he goes "Blip" against the wall.

### TO TELL A DRUNKARD.

WHILE there is no sure method of distinguishing a drunkard when sober, there are certain signs of stigmata, according to a well-known social pathologist, that may be manifested. If one's observation is careful, a slight staggering may be detected through the drunkard himself is unconscious of it. An economy of movement is noticeable in most cases, as, for instance, when the drunkard hands his fare to the conductor he rarely looks up at him, apparently striving to avoid all superfluous movements of the body. After drinking water, he frequently smacks his lips unconsciously, a reflex action due to long-continued habit in drinking stimulants. Though the proverbial red nose is not an unfailing sign of inebriety, a red neck is frequently a sure indication.

### Take Care of Your Teeth.

THE average man goes through life with a most optimistic disregard for the state of preservation of his teeth, until a general, expensive and painful overhauling drives him to the dentist's chair. Perhaps it is because he is so busy, or he fears the necessary pain, or, maybe, because his wife's dentist bills are so large and eternal that he considers her fully capable of upholding the family honor in that respect. Be that as it may, the fact remains that woman is more careful of her teeth than man.

Surely the old adage to the effect that one stitch made in the proper season will save nine in the end is impressively applicable to the care of the teeth. If your molars ache, or if they have cavities in them—go to the dentist's immediately. If you must pick your teeth, never do so with a pin or anything and so hard to use. Use both sides of your jaws in eating, working them in relays, so to speak; like everything else, the teeth should be given a rest. Avoid poisonous remedies such as creosote, clove, etc. If your teeth ache, go to a dentist and let him do the rest. You may not know it, but dieting and warm baths are good for the teeth as well as for reducing superfluous flesh. If any of your teeth ache, when they are "on edge" to be more exact,

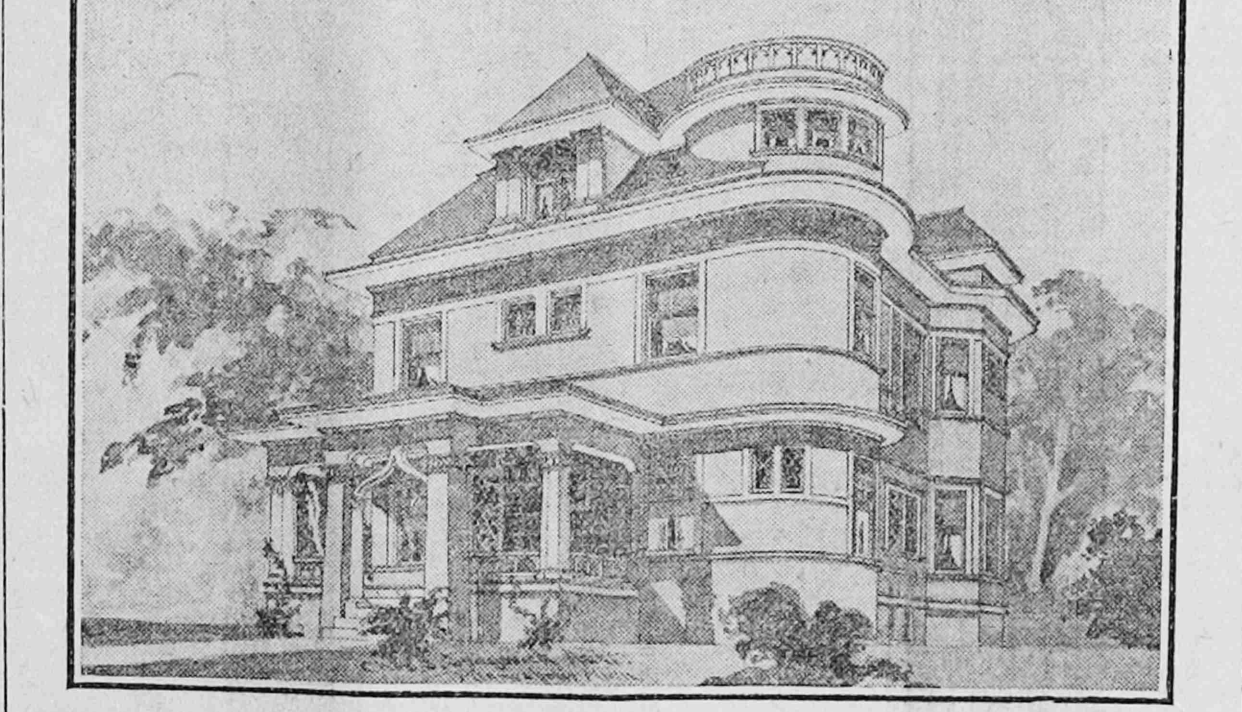
try holding a little seltzer water in your mouth. It will relieve the pain. Toothache is frequently caused by the acidity of the saliva; rinse the mouth with a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda and rub a little of the bicarbonate of soda and gums. Tooth powders should be most carefully chosen, especial care being taken to ascertain that they contain no cream of tartar or calcareous salts. If you smoke, have your teeth cleaned by a dentist frequently to remove the stain, and by all means clean the teeth before going to bed, as they decay quicker during the night than at any other time.

### CLEANING STRAW HATS.

HOW that summer is here a new straw hat seems necessary for every man. But last summer's hat is still in good condition. Cover the old hat with a thin paste of cornmeal and gasoline mixed. Let the paste stay on over night or until it is dry, then brush off with a clean, stiff whisk broom. If necessary, another coating of the cornmeal can be used. Panama hats can be cleaned by rubbing the surface with a crust of bread. Use small pieces of bread and discard as soon as soaked.

### The House With the Oval Room. Costing \$5,500.

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.



HOME with a beautiful "exterior" is one always to be admired, but the beautiful "interior" will appeal more to the artistic taste of the ladies than the exterior. The study of the treatment of living-rooms is one that admits of the display of individual taste and ideas in a great variety of ways. A curved or circular room or an elliptic room is a feature that is often sought after but not often carried out. There is no other shaped room that will afford the same graceful appearance and artistic beauty as the oval room.

As shown by the plan, the entrance vestibule is in the center, entering through a wide stone porch into a spacious living-room 14x20 feet, with a wide fireplace at the farther end. An open arch at the right of the entrance connecting with the library 12x15 feet, which is the "oval room." This room is symmetrical, finished with a beamed ceiling and with plasterers around the side, dividing the walls of the room into panels, with a wide, curved window looking to the front and one to the side. At the rear of the library and entered from the same is the staircase leading up on the curve back of elliptic arches. This will give a very handsome and artistic appearance.

The archway at the right opens through under the staircase connecting with the dining-room, which is 12x20 feet. The kitchen and all its appointments, rear stairs, etc., are conveniently arranged. The second story has four large chambers, the main guest chamber being an "oval room" directly over the library. The bulk of the second story is in white enamel. There is an independent rear staircase leading up to the third story. The size of the house is 24x33 feet, built of frame construction and estimated at a cost complete, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$5,500.

